

THROUGH
THE
YEAR
WITH
TENNYSON.



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THE MAY QUEEN

Through the Year

with

Tennyson

Hope smiles from the threshold of the year
to come,
Whispering, "It will be happier."

The Foresters.

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Through the Year with Tennyson

January 1

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam, CVI.

The man should make the hour, not this the
man. *Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. II.*

January 2

The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world. *Morte d' Arthur.*

His will be done !

The May Queen.

January 3

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

Guinevere.

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.

Margaret.

January 4

Victor from vanquish'd issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown.

Gareth and Lynette.

. . . I know her ; the worst thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand :
She must prove true.

Aylmer's Field.

January 5

Full
Of noble things.

Lancelot and Elaine.

A rose of grace !
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose ;
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. I.

January 6

. . . His face
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales.
Enoch Arden.

Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown.
The Princess.

January 7

. . . The past will always win
A glory from its being far.
In Memoriam.

. . . Never maiden glow'd,
With such a fervent flame of human love.
The Holy Grail.

January 8

Worse than being fool'd
Of others, is to fool one's self.
Gareth and Lynette.

I saw the snare, and I retired.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

January 9

Ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning.

Queen Mary, Act IV. Sc. I.

Looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture.

Morte d'Arthur.

January 10

Stay me not !
I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace,
For now there is a lion in the way.

The Holy Grail.

Too much wit
Mákes the world rotten.

The Last Tournament.

January 11

An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.

The Princess.

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Ulysses.

January 12

A grasp
Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,
A* childly way with children, and a laugh
Ringing like proven golden coinage true.

Aylmer's Field.

The world's mad.

Queen Mary, Act IV. Sc. III.

January 13

Who is this? and what is here?

The Lady of Shalott.

Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

Mariana.

January 14

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore.

In Memoriam, XXXIV.

Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

January 15

His gray eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
 With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth.

The Miller's Daughter.

January 16

Nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

He seem'd
 All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.
Edwin Morris.

Pretty enough, very pretty!
The Grandmother.

January 17

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
 Who changest not in any gale.
In Memoriam, II.

While now thy prosperous labor fills
 The lips of men with honest praise.
In Memoriam, LXXXIV.

January 18

Bound am I to right the wrong'd.

Gareth and Lynette.

Not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies.

Enoch Arden.

January 19

Man is the hunter ; woman is his game :
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins ;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.

The Princess.

Blue-eyed, and fair in face.

The Princess.

January 20

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be.

In Memoriam, CXL.

So light of foot, so light of spirit.

The Gardener's Daughter.

January 21

A certain miracle of symmetry,
 A miniature of loveliness, all grace
 Summ'd up and closed in little.

The Gardener's Daughter.

There is war between us, dear,
 Which breaks all bonds but ours ; we must
 remain
 Sacred to one another.

Aylmer's Field.

January 22

All her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
 As bottom agates seen to wave and float
 In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

The Princess.

I have lived my life, and that which I have
 done

May He within Himself make pure !

Morte d'Arthur.

January 23

The living words
 Of so great men . . .
 Pass not from door to door and out again,
 But sit within the house.

The Holy Grail.

A youthful face,
 Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.

Geraint and Enid.

January 24

Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three
sisters

That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.

To — .

January 25

Neither self-possess'd
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that.

The Gardener's Daughter.

To have the wish before the word
Is man's good Fairy.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. IV.

January 26

So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower.

Merlin and Vivien.

My hope and heart is with thee — thou wilt
be

A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest.

Sonnet to J. M. K.

January 27

But beyond expression fair
 With thy floating flaxen hair;
 Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes.

Adeline.

Her open eyes desire the truth.

Freedom.

Victor he must ever be.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

January 28

I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.

Sir Galahad.

Some meeker pupil you must find.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

So make thy manhood mightier day by day.

Gareth and Lynette.

January 29

O we will walk this world,
 Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
 And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
 That no man knows.

The Princess.

Let me not cast in endless shade
 What is so wonderfully made.

The Two Voices.

January 30

Love, . . . must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth.

Mariana in the South.

The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

Isabel.

Fair without, faithful within.

Maud.

January 31

The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Break, break, break.

Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Morte d'Arthur.



February 1

I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Morte d'Arthur.

Great is song
Used to great ends.
The Princess.

February 2

I have let men be, and have their way;
Am much too gentle, have not used my
power.

Geraint and Enid.

Win shall I not, but do my best to win:
Young as I am, yet would I do my best.
Lancelot and Elaine.

February 3

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

Sir Galahad.

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.

The Lotos-Eaters.

February 4

‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

February 5

Nay, the world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
To blare its own interpretation.

Lancelot and Elaine.

The kindest man I ever knew.

Queen Mary, Act IV. Sc. III.

February 6

Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead
on the cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a
gloom profound.

Maud.

The more the love, the mightier is the
prayer.

Harold, Act III. Sc. I.

February 7

One so small,
 Who knowing nothing knows but to obey.
Guinevere.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty,
 Should Nature keep me alive,
 If I find the world so bitter
 When I am but twenty-five?
Maud.

February 8

His, a brother's love, that hung
 With wings of brooding shelter o'er her peace.
Aylmer's Field.

You yourself will smile at your own self
 Hereafter.
Lancelot and Elaine.

I compel all creatures to my will.
Geraint and Enid.

February 9

There's no glory
 Like his who saves his country.
Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. I.

Each by turns was guide to each,
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
 And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
In Memoriam, XXIII.



THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

February 10

I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep
In thy large eyes.

Eleänore.

Keep the secret all ye can.

Lady Clare.

February 11

Manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.

In Memoriam, cix.

The loss had brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more.

The Miller's Daughter.

February 12

Let there be thistles, there are grapes ;
If old things, there are new ;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

In Memoriam, lxxxv.

February 13

Such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet.

The Princess.

Tho' much is taken, much abides.

Ulysses.

February 14

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things
move.

The Golden Year.

Tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

In Memoriam, CXXIII.

A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all !

The Princess.

February 15

Farewell, . . .
Be prosperous in this journey, as in all ;
And may you light on all things that you love,
And live to wed with her whom first you love.

Geraint and Enid.

Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore.

Maud.

February 16

Not illiterate ; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

The Brook.

Many suns arise and set,
Many a chance the years beget.

The Miller's Daughter.

February 17

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

Break, break, break.

Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.

Maud.

February 18

Great in council and great in war.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death ?

In Memoriam, CVIII.

February 19

The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught
That may seem strange beyond his nursery.

Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. II.

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

The darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest.

Lancelot and Elaine.

February 20

The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

In Memoriam, LXIV.

Wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

God's blessing on the day!

Lady Clare.

February 21

Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair.
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea —
O joy to the people and joy to the throne!

A Welcome to Alexandra.

Ye are green wood, see ye warp not.
The Princess.

February 22

Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Maud.

February 23

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.

In Memoriam, CXXXI.

A lie which is half a truth is ever the black-
est of lies.

The Grandmother.

February 24

A nobler yearning never broke her rest
Than but to dance and sing, be gayly drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplishment.

Early Sonnets.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear.

Sir Galahad.

February 25

We have lost him : he is gone :
 We know him now : all narrow jealousies
 Are silent ; and we see him as he moved,
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
 With what sublime repression of himself,
 And in what limits, and how tenderly.

Dedication of the Idylls of the King.

February 26

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower
 the proud ;
 Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm,
 and cloud. *Geraint and Enid.*
 The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.
Isabel.

No, I love not what is new.

The Vision of Sin.

February 27

Is not seventeen,
 But she is tall and stately.
Maud.

Statesmen that are wise
 Take Truth herself for model.
Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. III.
 The smooth-faced snubnosed rogue.
Maud.

March 1

Woman is not undevelop't man,
 But diverse : could we make her as the man,
 Sweet Love were slain : his dearest bond is
 this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.

The Princess.

Kith and kin so worship him
 That ill to him is ill to them.

The Holy Grail.

March 2

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure ;
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

In Memoriam, XXXII.

I follow fame.

Merlin and Vivien.

March 3

God bless thee, dear . . .
 With blessings beyond hope or thought,
 With blessings which no words can find.

The Miller's Daughter.

On this whirligig of time,
 We circle with the seasons.
Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

March 4

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats
them down. *Harold*, Act II. Sc. II.

A king to be . . . is he not noble?
Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

A blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new-born.
Gareth and Lynette.

March 5

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
sions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine. *Locksley Hall*.

A strong man :
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
Enoch Arden.

March 6

. . . Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.
The Two Voices.

Fine eyes — but melancholy, irresolute —
A fine beard, . . . a very full fine beard,
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate.
Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. IV.

March 7

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Merlin and Vivien.

She is well
To lock to ; thrifty too beyond her age.

Dora.

March 8

Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower
and thorn. *The Grandmother.*

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of
song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an
endless sea. *Wages.*

Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name.

Morte d'Arthur.

March 9

Dust are our frames ; and, gilded dust, our
pride

Looks only for a moment whole and sound.

Aylmer's Field.

Her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

The Brook.

He is passionate but honest.

Harold, Act 1. Sc. 1.

March 10

In me there dwells
 No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
 Of greatness to know well I am not great.

Lancelot and Elaine.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign
 power.

Ænone.

March 11

All is well, tho' faith and form
 Be sunder'd in the night of fear ;
 Well roars the storm to those that hear
 A deeper voice across the storm.

In Memoriam, CXXVII.

I knew the right
 And did it. *Love and Duty.*

March 12

The sin
 That neither God nor man can well forgive,
 Hypocrisy.

Sea Dreams.

A lie which is all a lie may be met and
 fought with outright,
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder
 matter to fight.

The Grandmother.

March 13

Life is not as idle ore,
 But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom
 To shape and use.

In Memoriam, CXVIII.

March 14

Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,
 Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
 Delicious spites and darling angers,
 And airy forms of flitting change.

Madeline.

Remain

Orb'd in your isolation.

The Princess.

March 15

Men
 With strength and will to right the wrong'd,
 of power
 To lay the sudden heads of violence flat.

The Holy Grail.

Courtesy wins woman all as well
 As valor may, but he that closes both
 Is perfect.

The Last Tournament.

March 16

I am a sad man and a serious.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. I.

Might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great
deeds

For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
Meanwhile, what every woman counts her
due,

Love, children, happiness? *The Princess.*

March 17

Most honest, brave, and skilful ; and his wealth
A fountain of perennial alms — his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

Queen Mary, Act II, Sc. II.

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. IV.

March 18

You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks, which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with
scale.

The Princess.

March 19

Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands
Large, fair and fine!

Gareth and Lynette.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her.

The Princess.

March 20

The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as Winter-tide.

The Last Tournament.

A sweet little Eden on earth that I know.

The Islet.

Delicately pure and marvellously fair.

Lancelot and Elaine.

March 21

Whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.

Geraint and Enid.

You . . . are fresh and sweet
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

Queen Mary, Act 1. Sc. iv.

March 22

He makes no friend who never made a foe.
Lancelot and Elaine.

Pious variers from the church,
To chapel. *Sea Dreams.*

Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted!
Morte d'Arthur.

March 23

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man.
The Princess.

Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
The Princess.

He needs no aid who doth his lady's will.
Pelleas and Ettarre.

March 24

. . . Thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent: wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.
In Memoriam.

All pure lily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady.
Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

March 25

The fat affectionate smile.

Sea Dreams.

The base man, judging of the good
Puts his own baseness in him by default
Of will and nature.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

A stony British stare.

Maud.

March 26

O well for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.
Will.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

In Memoriam, LXXIII.

March 27

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam, XXVII.

We needs must love the highest when we
see it.

Guinevere.

March 28

A light of healing

With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves
To wile the length from languorous hours,
and draw

The sting from pain. *The Princess.*

I take her for the flower of womankind.

The Princess.

Fair-haired and redder than a windy morn.

The Princess.

March 29

O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all.

The Holy Grail.

Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else
Should we so doat on courage, were it com-
moner? *Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. II.*

Who never spoke against a foe.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

March 30

Great deeds cannot die ;
They with the sun and moon renew their
light

For ever, blessing those that look on them.

The Princess.

Wild natures need wise curbs.

The Princess.

O true in word, and tried in deed.

In Memoriam, LXXXV.

March 31

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength.

Enoch Arden.

There's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.

The Miller's Daughter.

Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.

In Memoriam, LXV.



April 1

A welfare in thine eye reproves
Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee.

The Holy Grail.

I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long
for rest.

The Grandmother.

I seem

A mockery to my own self.

The Princess.

April 2

The birds made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid air.
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd into
green,

And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easterday.

Gareth and Lynette.

April 3

There's many a black black eye, they say, but
none so bright as mine.

The May Queen.

Whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood.

Aylmer's Field.

Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles.

Madeline.

April 4

Who knows the ways of the world, how God
will bring them about? *Maud.*

Have the Heavens but given thee a fair
face,

Lacking a tongue? *Pelleas and Ettarre.*

She could not be unmann'd — no, nor out-
woman'd. *Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. I.*

April 5

A name far-sounded among men
For noble deeds?

Geraint and Enid.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

The Coming of Arthur.

April 6

I know not what I would.

The Last Tournament.

The folly of all follies
Is to be love-sick for a shadow.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

Thou art crabb'd and sour.

The Last Tournament.

April 7

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at
was to love.

Locksley Hall.

She walk'd
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!

Aylmer's Field.

April 8

Much allowance must be made for men.

Aylmer's Field.

Action and re-action,
The miserable see-saw of our child-world,
Make us despise it at odd hours.

Queen Mary, Act IV. Sc. III.

April 9

Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.

Enoch Arden.

O happy world, . . . all, meseems,
Are happy; I the happiest of them all.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

All-graceful head, so richly curl'd.

The Day Dream (l'Envoi).

April 10

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

In Memoriam, XXI.

He works his work, I mine.

Ulysses.

April 11

Things seen are mightier than things heard.

Enoch Arden.

I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

In Memoriam, LXXIV.

April 12

A city clerk, but gently born and bred.

Sea Dreams.

Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence — free of alms her hand.

Aylmer's Field.

April 13

I loved you and I deem'd you beautiful,
I cannot brook to see your beauty marr'd
Thro' evil spite.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

I leave thy praises unexpress'd.

In Memoriam, LXXIV.

April 14

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul.

Enoch Arden.

April 15

Stern he was and rash.

The Captain.

A grave and staid God-fearing man.

Enoch Arden.

Holier is none . . . than she.

The Holy Grail.

April 16

Thou art the highest and most human too.
Guinevere.

O for thy voice to soothe and bless !
In Memoriam, LVI.

He lean'd not on his fathers but himself.
Aylmer's Field.

Thine is the right, for thine the might.
Harold, Act II. Sc. II.

April 17

I never yet have done so much
 For any maiden living.
Lancelot and Elaine.

O sweet and bitter in a breath.
In Memoriam, III.

God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life
 shall cease. *The Grandmother.*

April 18

I could trust
 Your kindness. *To the Queen.*

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.
Sir Galahad.

Age is a time of peace, so it be free from
 pain.
The Grandmother.

April 19

Bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.

Aylmer's Field.

In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

April 20

Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.
Gareth and Lynette.

Better not be at all
Than not be noble. *The Princess.*

It is the low man thinks the woman low ;
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. II.

April 21

May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good ;
'Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.'

To the Queen.

April 22

There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.

The Miller's Daughter.

A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway.

Isabel.

April 23

What is life, that we should moan? why
make we such ado?

The May Queen.

Live long, nor feel in head or chest
Our changeful equinoxes.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

April 24

A hoary face
Meet for the reverence of the hearth.

Aylmer's Field.

Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself.

The Holy Grail.

Wholly bold thou art, and meek withal.

Gareth and Lynette.

April 25

I never saw his like : there lives
No greater leader.

Lancelot and Elaine.

Was he not
A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence,
Stored from all flowers?

Edwin Morris.

So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple.

Lilian.

April 26

I muse on joy that will not cease.

Sir Galahad.

One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.

The Beggar Maid.

I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. IV.

April 27

A soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole.

The Miller's Daughter.

He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more.

Sea Dreams.

April 28

Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he
looks like a man.

The Grandmother.

The light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun.

Morte d' Arthur.

She hath no loyal knight and true.

The Lady of Shalott.

April 29

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

In Memoriam, LXV.

There's a brave man, if any.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. I.

April 30

He has a solid base of temperament;
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchored to the bottom, such is he.

The Princess.

This life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and
wrong.

Guinevere.

May 1

He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love.

To —.

The toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

May 2

A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed.

The Princess.

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

May ?

Thou shalt not be saved by works.

The Vision of Sin.

In our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Harold, Act I. Sc. I.

This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment

The Princess.

May 4

Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity ;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall,
Who breaks us then ?

Harold, Act I. Sc. I.

Cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless.
Guinevere.

May 5

Blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl.

The Princess.

Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

May 6

For the deed's sake have I done the deed.
Gareth and Lynette.

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law.

In Memoriam, LXXXVII.

A bold heart yours.
Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. III.

May 7

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break.

Mine is a time of peace, it is not often I
grieve.

The Grandmother.

Surnamed The Courteous, fair and strong.

Lancelot and Elaine.

May 8

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties.

Ulysses.

Might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.

The Gardener's Daughter.

I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea.

Queen Mary, Act. I. Sc. IV.

May 9

Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her:
where is the fault?

Maud.

And we will live like two birds in one nest.

Geraint and Enid.

A maiden is a tender thing.

Geraint and Enid.

May 10

Whether ye wish me victory or defeat,
Long for my life, or hunger for my death,
Yourself shall see my vigor is not lost.

Geraint and Enid.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

In Memoriam, xcvi.

May 11

Who are wise in love
Love most, say least.

Merlin and Vivien.

Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

Harold, Act v. Sc. i.

May 12

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

Love thou thy Land.

The simple, silent, selfless man
Is worth a world of tonguesters.

Harold, Act v. Sc. i.



THE BEGGAR MAID

May 13

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
 Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
 More life, and fuller, that I want.

The Two Voices.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

May 14

Chatterers they,
 Like birds of passage piping up and down,
 That gape for flies.

The Holy Grail.

Art thou not he whom men call light-of-love?

Pelleas and Ettarre.

May 15

Wot's a beauty? — the flower as blows.
 But propuppy, propuppy sticks, an' propuppy,
 propuppy graws.

The Northern Farmer.

Who, but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free.

In Memoriam, LXXXVI.

May 16

He chill'd the popular praises . . .
With silent smiles of slow disparagement.

Guinevere.

Consonant chords that shiver to one note
One mind in all things.

The Princess.

May 17

Words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

In Memoriam, v.

Better die than lie!

Harold, Act II. Sc. I.

Never jealous — not he.

The Grandmother.

May 18

Venturous climbings and tumbles and child-
ish escapes,
. . The delight of the village, the ringing joy
of the Hall.

Maud.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation.

Amphion.

May 19

His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue
eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips with
light. *The Last Tournament.*

Who knows the ways of the world, how God
will bring them about?

Maud.

May 20

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams.

Sir Galahad.

Our noblest brother, and our truest man.

Gareth and Lynette.

May 21

My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye.

Maud.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd
me all the sin.

The May Queen.

I could not stoop to such a mind.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

May 22

Those eyes
 Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
 More black than ashbuds in the front of
 March. *The Gardener's Daughter.*

Exceeding manfulness
 And pure nobility of temperament.
Geraint and Enid.

May 23

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Love the gift is Love the debt.
The Miller's Daughter.

I must not dream, not wink, but watch.
Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. v.

May 24

In some good cause, not in mine own,
 To perish, wept for, honor'd, known.
The Two Voices.

It is better to fight for the good than to rail
 at the ill.

Maud.

My disdain is my reply.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

May 25

‘O bubble world,
Whose colors in a moment break and fly!’
Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. II.

What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.
In Memoriam, LXXIII.

Suffused with blushes.
The Gardener's Daughter.

May 26

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his
silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, . . .
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his
silver head!

The May Queen.
Made to be loved.
Lancelot and Elaine.

May 27

In me there dwells
No greatness, saye it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.
Lancelot and Elaine.

Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
Fife needs for life is possible to will.
Love and Duty.

May 28

Wisdom when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but
smile

As kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power.

Harold, Act I. Sc. I.

The boy

Is noble-natured.

Gareth and Lynette.

May 29

Shall I love her as well if she
Can break her word were it even for me?

Maud.

O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it,
in being so proud.

Maud.

May 30

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal.

In Memoriam, CXXIX.

Poor men, when Yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires.

The Holy Grail.

May 31

Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

In Memoriam, LXXIV.

Forgetful of his glory and his name.

Geraint and Enid.

So sweet a face, such angel grace.

The Beggar Maid.



June 1

Were there nothing else
 For which to praise the heavens but only
 love,
 That only love were cause enough for praise.
The Gardener's Daughter.

Never woman meant so well,
 And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. II.

June 2

Live long, ere from thy topmost head
 The thick-set hazel dies.
Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

Narrow foxy face,
 Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye.
Guinevere.

June 3

. . . But what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
 And with no language but a cry.
In Memoriam, LIV.

A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.
Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. I.

June 4

Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too,
would have his way.

The Grandmother.

Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers :
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

Merlin and Vivien.

June 5

How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true.

Geraint and Enid.

. . . A tongue that ruled the hour,
Tho' seeming boastful.

Aylmer's Field.

June 6

With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true.

Sea Dreams.

His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes ?

The Miller's Daughter.

June 7

Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath
Have I beheld a lily like yourself.

Geraint and Enid.

Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

The Brook.

June 8

A man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a man.

Love and Duty.

In thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single.

Eleänore.

June 9

I love thee, tho' I know thee not.
For fair thou art and pure.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love.

Gareth and Lynette.

Singing airy trifles this or that.

Early Sonnets.

June 10

A man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper.

Morte d' Arthur.

Ah! . . . to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.

Mariana in the South.

June 11

He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

A Character.

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
Loved deeper, darker understood.

In Memoriam, CXXIX.

June 12

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.

Madeline.

To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart.

Lancelot and Elaine.

June 13

I am half sick of shadows.

The Lady of Shalott.

Deafener . . .

. . . and blinder unto holier things
Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,
Being too blind to have desire to see.

The Holy Grail.

June 14

Most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell!

The Miller's Daughter.

June 15

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine.

The Gardener's Daughter.

Such a lord is Love,
And beauty such a mistress of the world.

The Gardener's Daughter.

June 16

Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Ænone.

Money can be repaid ;
Not kindness such as yours. •

Enoch Arden.

June 17

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right
the wrong —

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover
of glory she :

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

Wages.

Keep a thing, its use will come.

The Epic.

June 18

Thou pratest here where thou art least ;
This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou.

In Memoriam, XXXVII.

Mockery is the fume of little hearts.

Guinevere.

June 19

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the
 world.

Morte d'Arthur.

I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. II.

June 20

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
 His wants in forms for fashion's sake,
 Will let his coltish nature break
 At seasons thro' the gilded pale.

In Memoriam, CXI.

Who walks through fire will hardly heed the
 smoke.

Gareth and Lynette.

June 21

This is my house and this my little wife.

Enoch Arden.

All beauty compass'd in a female form.

The Princess.

So, if I waste words now, in truth

You must blame Love. His early rage
 Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
 And makes me talk too much in age.

The Miller's Daughter.

June 22

I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

Morte d' Arthur.

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her on,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself.

The Princess.

June 23

This is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

His bearing is so courtly-delicate.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. IV.

O I wish

That I were some great princess.

The Princess.

June 24

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May.

In Memoriam, XXII.

A cold face and a haughty.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. V.

June 25

Truest friend and noblest foe.

The Princess.

Her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue;
That all neglected places of the field,
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.

Aylmer's Field.

June 26

Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
A league of street in summer solstice down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.

The Princess.

One whom the strong sons of the world despise.

The Brook.

June 27

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Over-bold in brag!

Gareth and Lynette.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. *Ulysses.*



LANCELOT AND ELAINE

June 28

Stone-hard, ice-cold — no dash of daring in
him.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

We marvel at thee much,
O damsel, wearing this unsunny face
To him who won thee glory!

Pelleas and Ettarre.

June 29

Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies.

In Memoriam, xcvi.

So lowly-lovely and so loving.
Aylmer's Field.

Loss is common to the race.
In Memoriam, vi.

June 30

In a hollow land,
From which old fires have broken, men may
fear
Fresh fire and ruin.

Geraint and Enid.

All things here are out of joint.
Locksley Hall.

July 1

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

In Memoriam, XXI.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

The Princess.

July 2

Thou wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay
Among the ashes and wedded the King's son.

Gareth and Lynette.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

In Memoriam, VI.

July 3

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty?
. . . Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

In Memoriam, CXIV.

Noble among the noble.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

July 4

All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone.

Ulysses.

He wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

July 5

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n
its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint
sweet cuckoo-flowers.

The May Queen.

Follow, follow, thou shalt win.

The Princess.

July 6

My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine !
The Miller's Daughter.

Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes.

Sea Dreams.

July 7

Too much mercy is a want of mercy,
And wastes more life.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

Make no allowance for the naked truth.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

There are enough unhappy on this earth.

Ænone.

July 8

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?

The Golden Year.

Can one love twice?

Enoch Arden.

July 9

Simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them
ill.

Geraint and Enid.

The woman's cause is man's : they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

The Princess.

July 10

Who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

In Memoriam, cv.

Free hearts, free foreheads.

Ulysses.

The climax of his age!

The Princess.

July 11

Shy she was, and I thought her cold.

Edward Gray.

Roses are her cheeks,

And a rose her mouth.

Maud.

Half child half woman.

The Princess.

July 12

His coal-black curls . . .

The Lady of Shalott.

Often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

Maud.

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.

Sea Dreams.

July 13

Never yet
 Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor earth so
 green,
 For all my blood danced in me.

The Holy Grail.

God make thee good as thou art beautiful.

The Holy Grail.

July 14

Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!
Gareth and Lynette.

Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?
 Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

Bold in heart and act and word.

The Coming of Arthur.

July 15

Gallant sons of English freemen,
 Sailors bold and true.

The Captain.

Tough,
 Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms.

The Princess.

There is good chance that we shall hear the
 hounds.

Geraint and Enid.

July 16

We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
Would quarrel with our lot.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Maud.

July 17

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity.

Isabel.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?

The Miller's Daughter.

July 18

The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart ; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. VI.

Myself not least, but honor'd of them all.

Ulysses.

I am not made of so slight elements.

Guinevere.

July 19

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring.

In Memoriam, XXIII.

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's.

Lancelot and Elaine.

July 20

A friendship so complete
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.

The Gardener's Daughter.

A man more pure and bold and just
Was never born into the earth.

To J. S.

July 21

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither
by despair.

Locksley Hall.

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.
Dedication of the Idylls of the King.

July 22

You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and bright.

Margaret.

Her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English
green.

Maud.

July 23

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet
woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless
peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the
hubbub of lies.

Maud.

July 24

No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.

The Two Voices.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

July 25

The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

In Memoriam, LXXV.

O just and faithful knight of God
Ride on ! the prize is near !

Sir Galahad.

Make not thou

The nothing something.

Harold, Act I. Sc. I.

July 26

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song :
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay ? They call him away :
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong ;
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Harold, Act I. Sc. II.

July 27

As became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies.

Guinevere.

I love that beauty should go beautifully.

Geraint and Enid.

Trust me not at all or all in all.

Merlin and Vivien.

July 28

Sanguine he was : a but less vivid hue
Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom
Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that
still

Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd,
Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold.

Aylmer's Field.

July 29

Fair, strong, arm'd —
But to be won by force.

Gareth and Lynette.

Two so full and bright —
Such eyes!

The Miller's Daughter.

Glad to find thyself so fair.

In Memoriam, VI.

July 30

The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings re-
morse,

Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.

Merlin and Vivien.

Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

A Dedication.

July 31

You fly your thoughts like kites.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

We rub each other's angles down.

In Memoriam, LXXXIX.

Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt for ever.

Harold, Act II. Sc. I.



August 1

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be.

In Memoriam.

Happy he

With such a mother ! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

The Princess.

August 2

And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

In Memoriam, xxv.

So mix for ever with the past,
Like all good things on earth !

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

A little dry old man, without a star !

The Princess.

August 3

Thou art not steep'd in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine.

Madeline.

The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Surely I shall be wiser in a year.

Enoch Arden.

August 4

The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world.
The Miller's Daughter.

Thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art.
In Memoriam, cx.

August 5

Death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.
The Sailor Boy.
I have had my day and my philosophies.
The Last Tournament.

August 6

The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes.
The Last Tournament.
They say he's dying all for love, but that can
never be. *The May Queen.*
O birds, that warble to the morning sky,
O birds, that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly.
Gareth and Lynette.

August 7

That make a man feel strong in speaking
truth. The words
Love and Duty.

I cannot understand : I love.
In Memoriam, XCIV.

Yea, let her prove me to the uttermost,
For loyal to the uttermost am I.
Pelleas and Ettarre.

August 8

Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His : He made it.

Enoch Arden.

God bless thee, dear.
The Miller's Daughter.

August 9

I had liefer ye were worthy of my love,
Than to be loved again of you.
Pelleas and Ettarre.

My beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock.

The Grandmother.

You were born for something great.
The Princess.

August 10

Her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness.

The Holy Grail.

She looks comelier than ordinary to-day.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. I.

August 11

Go forth . . .
And break thro' all, till one will crown thee
king
Far in the spiritual city.

The Holy Grail.

Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

In Memoriam.

August 12

Dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height
With half-allowing smiles for all the world,
And mighty courteous in the main.

Aylmer's Field.

A modern gentleman
Of stateliest port.

Morte d'Arthur.

August 13

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

I know you proud to bear your name.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

August 14

I have lighted on a fool,
Raw, yet so stale.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

If you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor
holds.

Enoch Arden.

Give me your prayers.
Aylmer's Field.

August 15

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,

The love of love. *The Poet.*

Am I not the nobler thro' thy love?

Love and Duty.

Little can I give my wife.

Love will make our cottage pleasant,

And I love thee more than life.

The Lord of Burleigh.

August 16

I dare not leave my post.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. II.

The crane . . . may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.

The Princess.

August 17

Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.

The Passing of Arthur.

Kind . . . eyes and innocent,
And all her bearing gracious.

The Holy Grail.

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek.

The Ballad of Oriana.

August 18

Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice.

The Princess.

The song of woe
Is after all an earthly song.

In Memoriam, LVII.

She promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her.

Aylmer's Field.

August 19

Statesmen that are wise
Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,
To their own model.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. III.

Dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I.

The Coming of Arthur.

August 20

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.

The Miller's Daughter.

Let what will be, be.

Morte d'Arthur.

His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face.

Enoch Arden.

August 21

Full
Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet.

The Golden Year.

Here comes the would-be what I will be . . .

Harold, Act II. Sc. II.

She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace.

The Lady of Shalott.

August 22

Thou dost His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, and I that
know,

Linger with vacillating obedience.

Gareth and Lynette.

You are as poor a poet . . .
As a good soldier.

Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. I.

August 23

You cannot love me at all, if you love not
my good name. *The Grandmother.*

A red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness.
Gareth and Lynette.

A life that leads melodious days.
In Memoriam, XXXIII.

August 24

The greatest gift,
A woman's heart.
The Gardener's Daughter.

I can guard my own.
Aylmer's Field.

Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.
The Gardener's Daughter.

August 25

Courage, sir,
That makes or man or woman look their
 goodliest.

Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. II.

The many fail: the one succeeds.

The Arrival.

. . . Your meek blue eyes,
 The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven.
Geraint and Enid.

August 26

Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-
 charitiest of all crab-catchers.

Harold, Act. II. Sc. I.

I cannot bide Sir Baby.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

A man well-nigh a hundred winters old.
The Holy Grail.

August 27

As gay as any.

The Princess.

Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
 Man for the sword and for the needle she:
 Man with the head and woman with the
 heart:

Man to command and woman to obey;
 All else confusion. *The Princess.*

August 28

A school-boy that hath broken bounds,
Sickenings himself with sweets.

Queen Mary, Act 1. Sc. v.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime. *Isabel.*

I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Lady Clare.

August 29

Your spirit is the calmed sea
Laid by the tumult of the fight.
Margaret.

He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.
In Memoriam, XXI.

August 30

Unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.
The Golden Year.

Always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known.
Ulysses.

The sweetest lady of the time.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

August 31

Blest be Heaven
That brought thee here . . .

. . . to warm
My cold heart with a friend.

The Holy Grail.
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Enone.
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
Guinevere.



September 1

He that walks . . . only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

September 2

Glancing like a dragon-fly
 In summer suit and silks of holiday.

Geraint and Enid.

Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace
 Of womanhood. *Geraint and Enid.*

Heaven and earth are threads of the same
 loom. *Harold, Act I. Sc. I.*

September 3

How meek soe'er he seem,
 No keener hunter after glory breathes.

Lancelot and Elaine.

Courage! . . .

This mounting wave will roll us shoreward
 soon. *The Lotos-Eaters.*

Prove me what it is I would not do.
Godiva.

September 4

You are the stateliest deer in all the herd.

Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. II.

Never yet
Could all of true and noble in knight and man
Twine round one sin. *The Holy Grail.*

Gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings.
The Miller's Daughter.

September 5

One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient.

Geraint and Enid.

Fair without, faithful within.

Maud.

Every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.
The Two Voices.

September 6

Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.
The Dedication of the Idylls of the King.

Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world!

Geraint and Enid.

September 7

Where could be found face daintier? then
her shape

From forehead down to foot, perfect — again
From foot to forehead exquisitely turn'd.

Lancelot and Elaine.

They hunt old trails . . . very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?

The Princess.

September 8

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty
fair in her flower.

Maud.

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.

The Princess.

September 9

One
Too wholly true to dream untruth.

Guinevere.

A heart as rough as Esau's hand.

Godiva.

I wish I were
Some mighty poetess.

The Princess.

Lead, and I follow.

Gareth and Lynette.

September 10

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

A square-set man and honest; and his eyes,
An out-door sign of all the warmth within,
Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,
But heaven had meant it for a sunny one.

The Holy Grail.

September 11

The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing!

The Gardener's Daughter.

Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

September 12

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

Love thou thy Land.

The man I held as half-divine.

In Memoriam, XIV.

September 13

Soiling another, Annie, will never make one-
self clean.

The Grandmother.

The hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. IV.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

In Memoriam, XXXII.

September 14

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change.

Locksley Hall.

Sound sleep be thine! sound cause to sleep
hast thou.

Gareth and Lynette.

September 15

High thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Guinevere.

I know my words are wild.

Locksley Hall.

September 16

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not
what they say. *The May Queen.*

Hollow, hollow, all delight!
The Passing of Arthur.

You have been as God's good angel in our
house.

God bless you for it, God reward you for it.
Enoch Arden.

September 17

And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes.

In Memoriam, XL.

A couple, fair
As ever painter painted, poet sang,
Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded.

Aylmer's Field.

September 18

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

In Memoriam, XVII.

Does my old friend remember me?

In Memoriam, LXIV.

September 19

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl.

The Princess.

September 20

His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind.

Godiva.

True she errs,
But in her own grand way : being herself
Three times more noble than threescore of
men.

The Princess.

September 21

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs,
but still of his tongue !

The Grandmother.

My lady, — who made
A downward crescent of her minion mouth,
Listless in all despondence.

Aylmer's Field.

September 22

Rain, rain, and sun ! a rainbow in the sky
A young man will be wiser by and by.

The Coming of Arthur.

What rights are his that dare not strike for
them ?

The Last Tournament.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.

In Memoriam, CXIII.

September 23

You've a bold heart ; keep it so.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. IV.

Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

Sea Dreams.

September 24

We are not angels here
Nor shall be.

The Last Tournament.

That good helpless creature.

Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. I.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow
the King —

Else, wherefore born ?

Gareth and Lynette.

September 25

Vext — O ye stars that shudder over me,
 O earth that soundest hollow under me,
 Vext with waste dreams?

The Coming of Arthur.

There is no truer-hearted.

The Princess.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells.

Enoch Arden.

September 26

Whether
 A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
 A kindled fire.

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

No little lily-handed Baronet he,
 A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman.

The Princess.

September 27

Brother, where two fight
 The strongest wins, and truth and love are
 strength.

Aylmer's Field.

She
 No saint — inexorable — no tenderness —
 Too hard, too cruel.

The Princess.



ENOCH ARDEN

September 28

Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

In Memoriam, LXXXV.

That gentleness,
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a
man.

Geraint and Enid.

September 29

He praised his land, his horses, his machines ;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs,
his dogs ;

He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-
hens.

The Brook.

Strength of heart
And might of limb.

The Last Tournament.

September 30

Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light.

The Sleeping Beauty.

Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?

The Last Tournament.

A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

In Memoriam, LXXX.

October 1

But the tongue is a fire as you know, my
dear, the tongue is a fire.

The Grandmother.

She was more fair than words can say.

The Beggar Maid.

His deeds yet live.

Sea Dreams.

I seem as nothing in the mighty world.

The Coming of Arthur.

October 2

His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue
eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips with
light.

The Last Tournament.

Happy has been my life; but I would not
live it again.

The Grandmother.

October 3

Sweet shall your welcome be.

The Sea Fairies.

By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. I.

A life that moves to gracious ends.

To —.

They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

The Sailor Boy.

October 4

My will is law.

Dora.

Bearing all down in thy precipitancy.

Gareth and Lynette.

But she

Did more, and underwent, and overcame.

Godiva.

October 5

How sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!

Gareth and Lynette.

Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love.

Gareth and Lynette.

October 6

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom
blows:

Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who
knows?

From the great deep to the great deep he
goes.

The Coming of Arthur.

Sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills
With promise of a morn as fair.

In Memoriam, LXXXIV.

October 7

Give to the poor,
Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.
Queen Mary, Act IV, Sc. III.

As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt,
That I never can hope to pay.

Maud.

October 8

The Lord of all things made Himself
Naked of glory for His mortal change.

The Holy Grail.

A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse.

The Brook.

October 9

From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the
 crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not.

Maud.

Like a creeping sunbeam.

Godiva.

October 10

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

The Vision of Sin.

The great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

October 11

O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

The Lord of Burleigh.

I cannot rest from travel.

Ulysses.

October 12

Ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended
Will.

Will.

I heard his deep "I will,"
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds.

The Gardener's Daughter.

October 13

Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us.
The Princess.

A jest
In time of danger shows the pulses even.
Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. II.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things. *Locksley Hall.*

October 14

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning speed.
To —.

October 15

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.
In Memoriam.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.
Ulysses.

October 16

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

Morte d'Arthur.

O miracle of noble womanhood!

The Princess.

October 17

Such a chameleon he!

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. III.

Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it.

Dedication of the Idylls of the King.

October 18

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly
null,

Dead perfection, no more. *Maud.*

There is none like her, none.

Maud.

Wait: my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.

Love and Duty.

October 19

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Small thought was there of life's distress ;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could
dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beau-
tiful. *Ode to Memory.*

October 20

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.
In Memoriam, CXL.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

October 21

Who honors his own word.
As if it were God's.
Lancelot and Elaine.

The prettiest little damsel.
Enoch Arden.

The Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

October 22

Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy.

Geraint and Enid.

The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,
. . . To be sweet and serviceable.

Lancelot and Elaine.

October 23

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a
transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beauty.

Maud.

May God be with thee, sweet, when old and
gray.

The Last Tournament.

October 24

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd.

Queen Mary, Act i. Sc. iv.

Young as I am, yet would I do my best.

Lancelot and Elaine.

The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest.

Maud.

October 25

Maud with her venturous climbings and tum-
 bles and childish escapes,
 Maud the delight of the village, the ringing
 joy of the Hall,
 Maud with her sweet purse-mouth . . .
 The moon-faced darling of all.
Maud.

October 26 -

That loss is common would not make
 My own less bitter, rather more.
In Memoriam, vi.

O noble heart who, being strait-beseiged
 Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's
 death.
The Princess.

October 27

Ours the pain, be his the gain !
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
 The man will cleave unto his right.
Lady Clare.
 And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet.
Maud.

On somehow. To go back
 Were to lose all.
Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. III.

October 28

The man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

In Memoriam, LXXVII.

Let love be free ; free love is for the best.

Lancelot and Elaine.

October 29

As I have waited all my life ,
I well may wait a little.

Enoch Arden.

A day may save a heart from breaking.

Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. VI.

I will know
If there be any faith in man.

Lady Clare.

October 30

I have not made the world, and He that
made it will guide.

Maud.

But wing'd souls flying
Beyond all change and in the eternal distance
To settle on the Truth.

Harold, Act III. Sc. II.

October 31

Mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

In Memoriam, XXV.

O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.

Maud.



November 1

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die.

The Princess.

As the greatest only are.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

November 2

His face . . .
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,
And six feet two, as I think, he stands.

Maud.

Like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

In Memoriam.

November 3

I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries.

In Memoriam, CXX.

Insidious as the Queen upon a card;
Her all of thought and bearing hardly more
Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

Aylmer's Field.

November 4

She dwells
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world, and when the surface
 rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.
 The Coming of Arthur.

A voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help.
 Aylmer's Field.

November 5

If there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done.
None knows it, and my tears have brought
 me good. *Guinevere.*

Fight . . .
And make us all we would be, great and
 good. *The Princess.*

November 6

Few things have fail'd to which I set my will.
I do my most and best.

Queen Mary, Act II. Sc. II.

O true and tender ! . . .
O selfless man and stainless gentleman.
 Merlin and Vivien.

November 7

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies.
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

St. Agnes.

If cold, his life is pure.
Queen Mary, Act. I. Sc. v.

November 8

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Gareth and Lynette.

He had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
Sea Dreams.

November 9

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

In Memoriam, XXIV.

November 10

True you are and sweet
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood.
Lancelot and Elaine.

The stateliest and the best
And loveliest of all women upon earth.
Geraint and Enid.

November 11

Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to
love.

Merlin and Vivien.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
Morte d'Arthur.

November 12

We doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens.
Pelleas and Ettarre.



MAUD

November 13

Common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

In Memoriam, VI.

My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

In Memoriam, XL.

November 14

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Geraint and Enid.

You call me wilful, and the fault
Is yours who let me have my will.

Lancelot and Elaine.

In thy wisdom make me wise.

In Memoriam.

November 15

Each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full
stroke,
Life.

The Princess.

November 16

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
 The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,
 The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
 The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
 Till God's love set Thee at his side again!

Dedication of the Idylls of the King.

November 17

The stately flower of female fortitude,
 Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

Isabel.

A head
 So full of grace and beauty! would that mine
 Were half as gracious!

Queen Mary, Act I. Sc. v.

November 18

The greater man, the greater courtesy.
The Last Tournament.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
Locksley Hall.

Grateful is the noise of noble deeds
 To noble hearts.

Geraint and Enid.

November 19

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
The Miller's Daughter.

Hold thou the good: define it well.
In Memoriam, LIII.

November 20

Bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine eye.
In Memoriam, CXIX.

Ye, that follow but the leader's bell.
The Holy Grail.

True love, . . . had risk'd himself and
climb'd. *Gareth and Lynette.*

November 21

No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years.
The Princess.

My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye.
Maud.

November 22

My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine.

The Holy Grail.

The sunshine came along with him.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom.

In Memoriam, CIX.

November 23

This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
God bless him.

Enoch Arden.

Working out his will,
To cleanse the world.

Gareth and Lynette.

November 24

Dear, near and true — no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall.

A Dedication.

The very whitest lamb in all my fold.

Aylmer's Field.

November 25

Let me fly dis-caged to sweep
In ever-higher eagle-circles up
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them
dead. *Gareth and Lynette.*

What kind of life is that I lead.

In Memoriam, LXXXV.

November 26

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In Memoriam, I.

O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the world.

The Coming of Arthur.

November 27

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll
forgive me now.

The May Queen.

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom.

Gareth and Lynette.

November 28

Pretty bud !
 Lily of the vale ! half open'd bell of the
 woods ! *The Princess.*

Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
 Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn.
Aylmer's Field.

No keener hunter after glory breathes.
Lancelot and Elaine.

November 29

So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Looking like a summer moon
 Half-dipt in cloud.

Godiva.

November 30

A subtle beast
 Ready to spring, waiting a chance.
Guinevere.

A day may sink or save a realm.
Queen Mary, Act III. Sc. VI.

I am a part of all that I have met.
Ulysses.

December 1

Oh yet we trust . . .
That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.
In Memoriam, LIV.

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair.
Maud.

December 2

If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.
In Memoriam, XXVI.

December 3

Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight.
Gareth and Lynette.

How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly.
The Dedication of the Idylls of the King.

December 4

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,
Unboding critic-pen.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

Honor to thee ! thou art perfect in all honor !
Thy naked word thy bond !

Harold, Act II. Sc. II.

December 5

A gentleman of broken means.

The Princess.

His sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples.

Ænone.

Rejoice, small man, in this small world of
mine.

The Holy Grail.

December 6

'The sweetest little maid,
That ever crow'd for kisses.'

The Princess.

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

December 7

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
 Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
 No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
 In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise.

The Princess.

So sweet a face, such angel grace.

The Beggar Maid.

December 8

I cannot love thee as I ought,
 For love reflects the thing beloved;
 My words are only words, and moved
 Upon the topmost froth of thought.

In Memoriam, LII.

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand.

The Brook.

December 9

Does he think
 Low stature is low nature?

Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. II.

If you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
 She still would take the praise, and care no
 more.

Early Sonnets, VIII.

But now farewell. I am going a long way.

Morte d' Arthur.

December 10

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.

Locksley Hall.

Was ever man so grandly made as he ?
Geraint and Enid.

December 11

Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish.

Geraint and Enid.

Here too much
We moulder — as to things without I mean.
The Holy Grail.

December 12

Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed
to fruit
Of wisdom.

Love and Duty.

O fair and strong and terrible !

The Princess.

December 13

How may full-sail'd verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness.

Eleänore.

December 14

Be wise : not easily forgiven
Are those, who setting wide the doors that
bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.

The Gardener's Daughter.

December 15

Loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married
brows.

Ænone.

Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal
wrongs.

Maud.

December 16

Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.

The Princess.

A truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day.

The Epic.

December 17

A candle in the sun
Is all but smoke — a star beside the moon
Is all but lost.

Queen Mary, Act v. Sc. i.

Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fall'n in darker ways.

The Princess.

December 18

Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
Not first, and third, which are a riper first?
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.

Sea Dreams.

That clear-featured face
Was lovely.

Lancelot and Elaine.

December 19

One that sought but Duty's iron crown.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Bright as light, and clear as wind.

The Poet's Mind.

Cold and clear-cut face.

Maud.

December 20

I speak the truth.

Lady Clare.

I must be taught my duty, and by you!

Dora.

Merit lives from man to man.

In Memoriam.

He is rough but kind.

Maud.

December 21

Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn

Roof not a glance so keen as thine:

If aught of prophecy be mine,

Thou wilt not live in vain.

To —.

December 22

. . . Crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling
wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines.
The Princess.

She is more beautiful than day.
The Beggar Maid.

December 23

A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
The Coming of Arthur.
Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile
or frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
Geraint and Enid.
A rosy blonde.
The Princess.

December 24

The time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid ; the night is still :
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
In Memoriam, XXVIII.
Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me — soft, gracious,
kind.
The Last Tournament.

December 25

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

In Memoriam, xxx.

Thy heart is pure as snow.

The Holy Grail.

December 26

They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

In Memoriam, xxviii.

This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.

In Memoriam, xxi.

December 27

Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale . .
I love thee for it.

Harold, Act I. Sc. II.

Some work of noble note, may yet be done.

Ulysses.

The long and listless boy.

The Miller's Daughter.

December 28

Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

Geraint and Enid.

If I lose myself, I save myself !

The Holy Grail.

December 29

As the husband is, the wife is:

Locksley Hall.

Fair words were best for him who fights for
thee.

Gareth and Lynette.

Silence is wisdom : I am silent then.

Merlin and Vivien.

December 30

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light :

The year is dying in the night ;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

In Memoriam, CVI.

December 31

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow :

The year is going, let him go ;

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

In Memoriam, CVI.



